

Something To Fear

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Summary: Sherry would do anything to protect her husband. Not the sociopath who manipulated her into forced servitude, but the man she chose to be with since before the dead started roaming the earth.

Rated M for Negan's beautiful filthy mouth and gratuitous smut.

Something To Fear

****Like any good Negan story, this comes fully equipped with his filthy mouth and devil-may-care attitude. I don't own any of the characters or even the name of this story. All of those are property of The Walking Dead. I only claim the content.****

****I hope you enjoy the foul-mouthed, filthy smut that follows!****

* * *

><p>The lock's bolt slid into the strike plate with a deafening click, signaling her entrance into the room. She cursed quietly under her breath before she realized she was alone. From the master bedroom she could hear the shower running in the master bath and noticed the steam billowing out from under the door. She glanced around the room, noticing his clothes piled on the chair by his desk, topped off with his leather jacket.<p>

Lucille, his precious implement of choice, lay lovingly on his bed. She was pointing at her accusingly, her barbed prongs threatening her existence. If she could only get to it in time, she might actually be able to escape this hell. Of course, she would never stand a chance against him. He would overpower her in no time and someone would pay dearly for that mistake.

As if on cue, the water shut off and seconds later, Negan entered through the steam, unabashedly naked, running a towel through his

dripping hair. If he was surprised to see her, he didn't let on. His charismatic attitude always caught her off guard in that way. "Sherry." He smirked, obviously amused. "You come to fuck me goodbye?" He laughed.

She shifted a bit, suddenly feeling so naked in her lingerie under his raging stare. "You're going to go after Dwight, aren't you?"

"If you don't watch yourself, I might actually get jealous, baby." His words suddenly became pointed and sharp. "I may have to brand the good side of his face if he and his boys actually make it back tonight. Don't you think Dwight has suffered enough for his stupidity?"

She bit back a gulp, her teeth sank into her lower lip as she planned her next move carefully. "Forget him. I'm just worried about you. These people are bad news. They're smart. They killed so many of us already."

His hair was finally mostly dry, standing up on all ends in an effortless, haphazard way that turned her insides against her will. "You're so cute when you're full of shit." He sauntered toward her, ignoring his blatant nudity.

"I don't gain anything from lying to you." She snapped, backing into the door a bit from his close proximity. She recovered quickly, using her charms to her advantage. "You could use me." She purred. "You might remember I'm a pretty good shot."

"I won't deny that, darlin'." His hand grazed up her arm, traveling over her shoulder until he brushed her cheek with his coarse fingers. "But I have moreâ€¦|_useful_ ways to "use" you that don't include you leaving the property." He ran his thumb over her lush lower lip, accentuating her pout before leaning into her, his own lips only a breath away. "You know how they say you shouldn't fuck before a fight?" He growled, taking a step back. He pressed his hand on the door, just over her left shoulder. "It diminishes your testosterone levels. Makes you weak and kills your focus. Such a shame, too. I'd love to smear my load all over those tiny tits of yours."

His words vibrated through her core, surging wetness between her thighs and for a moment she hated herself, hated the things he made her do and the way he made her feel. She was betraying her husband for another, but Negan was right. She belonged to him now. She did what she had to do to save her wretched life, to protect Dwight. If she acted any other way, if she didn't trust and obey, she would not be the one to pay â€" Dwight would. If it were the other way around, maybe she could stomach it, but this was the way it was. She belonged only to Negan and though her heart was somewhere else, her body still betrayed her.

She sucked a sharp breath through her nose. "I would think it would have the opposite effect." She grazed her fingers up his thigh, brushing dangerously close to his throbbing cock, teasingly. "I would think it would relax and unwind you. I would think it would heighten your poise and focus."

He chuckled softly, thrusting his hips as his chest bounced lightly. "You know, sugarâ€¦| maybe we should test that theory."

She was able to resist, to push her primal urges to the farthest corner of her mind for a moment. "I want to go with you."

Negan laughed her comment off. "Now, darlingâ€¦ Your position here is safe. You don't need to contribute anymore." His hand fell from the door and his thumb locked over her throat, brushing her neck as casually as if he was brushing her hair.

She shuddered, she couldn't help it. Her resolve was wavering and he knew it. His other hand came up, cupping her breast through the padded bra of her corset-style bustier, faking the look of fuller breasts. She lacked seriously in that department and honestly she could get by with wearing no bra at all, but Negan insisted. He forced all of his wives to be eye candy, to tantalize all of the other men in the sanctuary. It was his own not-so-subtle reminder that they could look, but dare not touch for fear of the dreaded iron.

Negan's finger caught on the lace detail of her top and tugged downward, revealing her pebbling nipple that he exposed and took advantage of, twisting his thumb gently over the hardening peak. "You work for me, and right now, I have a job for you."

She couldn't stifle the moan that ripped from her chest. Negan smirked, knowingly at her. "That's right, baby. If you want anything from me, you're gonna have to work for it." His voice was rough and his eyes were dark with lust. "On your fucking knees."

She didn't wait to be forced, the consequences would be horrendous. She sank to her knees in front of his feet, licking her lips. From this angle with his swollen dick inches from her face, she could smell the salty musk of his precum, even fresh out of the shower. The manliness mixed with the strong, fresh fragrance of his scented soap. Her tongue dashed out from her lips, slipping through the crevice in the head of his cock, greedily lapping at that potent liquid. It was enough to intoxicate her. The bastard chuckled, deep in his throat. His fingers tangled in her hair and he thrust his hips towards her pouting lips. "Don't be a fucking tease."

His cock sank down her throat. Negan kept pushing until her head hit the door behind her and she was pinned between the aperture and his thighs. One hand remained in her hair, holding her steady as she gagged around him, the other braced against the door and he lay his forehead against his forearm and gazed down at her, something akin to love in his eyes. "Goddamn, darling. That's fucking good."

Sherry raked her nails through the coarse hair of Negan's thighs, sharpening her claws in a threatening manner that only succeeded in turning on her captor more. When he didn't let up, she grazed the teeth along the sensitive undercarriage of his cock. "Uh, uh, uh." He grunted. "Let me fuck that filthy mouth of yours a little more and maybe I'll think about fucking that cunt of yours, too."

That disgusting promise worked its magic and Sherry grabbed at Negan's hips as he thrust in and out of her mouth. Her skull began to bounce on the door with every pointed lunge. "Fuck, baby. I can smell your pussy from here." He muttered. She glanced up at him through her dark lashes and his eyes were barely even slits, he was so dazed with pleasure and a sense of power surged through her. She had brought the ruler of the known world to the brink of pleasure and in a few more

minutes she would be able to bring him to his knees.

"Use your hands, baby." He grumbled. "I wanna blow on your tits."

She reluctantly pulled her lips from around the head Savior's thick rod with one final teasing flick of her tongue. Before she lost her nerve, she wrapped her hands around Negan's shaft and pumped them methodically. It didn't take long at all before his balls contracted and his cock twitched. "Goddamn!" The roar erupted from his throat and he shot his load across Sherry's chest. Stray drops trickled down her breasts and onto her skimpy lingerie.

Negan's ecstasy simmered into amusement as he recovered, backing away from the wall, almost staggering backward. He chuckled, admiring his wife's new paint job. "Fuck, Sherry. You're gonna have to take off that top. You've got my fucking spew all over you."

She did her best to give him a coy, loving look, shrouded in lust and desire. She placed her hands on her thighs, palms down and shifted, watching him.

"I mean it." He warned, walking backwards towards the bed. "Strip."

Her arms went behind her and she unclasped the uncomfortable lace and silk creation that caged her flat chest. The unhinging was the simple part. She could feel Negan's impatience thick in the room as she worked up the courage to pull off her lingerie and open herself up to her captor's eager, hungry eyes. With a heavy sigh, she let the straps slide down her shoulders and fall at her knees on the floor.

"That's it, baby." He groaned, leaning back on the bed. "Now the rest."

She let out a quiet whimper of self-pity as she pushed herself up on her legs. Another deep breath and she pushed her lacy French cuts down her thighs before she could second guess herself. Her garters and stockings required some redirection. She was thankful. It gave her something to focus on besides her nakedness in front of this sociopath who called himself her husband.

When she looked back up at Negan, he was staring at her, his cock standing at half-mast. His fingers reached across the blankets, fingering the handle of his Louisville Slugger absent-mindedly. "Now, Lucyâ€¦ Ain't that a sight, baby?" He muttered. She had to strain to hear him, at first. "Play with your tits." He instructed. "Smear my spunk everywhere."

With humiliated tears brimming her eyes, she did as she was told. Arousal and fear dueled inside of her as she ran her fingers over her pin-sharp nipples and smoothed Negan's markings over her like frosting.

"I own you." He groaned. "I own every inch of you. Isn't that right?"

"Yes." She sobbed, looking at the way he still touched the wooden baseball bat on his bed.

He snickered. "You aren't jealous of old Lucille, are you?"

Sherry continued to methodically massage her breasts, twisting and teasing herself, furthering this empty void that craved fulfillment.

"Would you mind if she joined us, darlin'?" He picked up the torture device and wielded it in his hands, playing with the smooth handle, swinging it a bit. "Aw, hell. Who am I kidding? Of course you wouldn't." He snickered. Still brandishing his weapon of choice, he stood to his full height and began bouncing the bat on the open palm of his hand. "Come here."

She had no choice. She sauntered across the carpeted floor on shaky legs and by the time she made her way across the room to stand in front of the Sanctuary's leader, she realized she had been holding her breath the entire time.

Negan regarded her for a moment, admiring his possession. He waited until she seemed to relax. He nudged her forward using the sharp tips of the barbed wire on Lucille's barrel. He didn't push hard enough to damage her lovely pale skin. He only pressed hard enough to spur her forward until she bent in half over the bed. Her face was pushed into the bedding while her feet still touched the floor. "Bend over on the bed." He growled, popping her ass with the sharp metal barbs, causing her to squeal and obey. The bastard chuckled and popped her ass one more time forcing her to cry out.

"Goddamn, that gets me fucking hard as a goddamn rock, Sherry." He growled. "You should see your fucking ass." He kneaded her tender flesh with one hand, prying her cheeks apart. "You might not have anything for fucking tits, but you have a near perfect goddamn ass. It's the reason I asked you to marry me."

While it may have been true that since she arrived back at the Sanctuary, she had gained a little weight — all going straight to her hips and ass, that was not the reason Negan had forced her into this sham of a marriage. As soon as she and Dwight ended up being captured, they were forced to return to the Sanctuary. Negan brought her into his harem as a last-ditch effort to control her first husband. So far, it had worked. Dwight was brought back into the folds as first lieutenant of the Savivors once more, it was as though he never left. Of course, that was only after having his face ironed for betraying Negan and trying to run.

The thought sobered Sherry. She contemplated everything she had been through up to this point. She just wanted this to be over with so she could go be alone. She needed to grieve her past and mourn for her future. "Negan." She said, wiggling her ass backwards towards him. "Baby, please."

"Fuck." Negan chortled. "Say that again. Fucking beg for it sweetheart."

"Negan." She practically whispered. "Please fuck me." She hoped her voice channeled conviction and didn't reek of fear and loathing.

Though she couldn't see him from over her shoulder, she could sense

his presence right behind her. His thighs pressed into hers and she could feel his hard length digging into her ass. Lucille's smooth handle rolled down her side, barely touching her while chilling her to the core. Negan left her lying right beside Sherry as a gentle reminder of just how much control he had here. As if she was going to forget that.

She shut her eyes and stifled her tears. She tried to picture herself somewhere else, tried to imagine Dwight behind her as Negan pried her pussy apart with his wide girth and pushed into her impossible heat with a determined grunt. "Cocksucker! That's fucking good!"

She could feel every inch of him inside of her as her muscles rippled to accommodate him. She hoped her cries of pity and fear could be mutilated into ones of ecstasy and pleasure. Sherry hoped that she could fool this sociopath into believing she loved him when all she felt was contempt and defiance.

There was no passion or romance. Make no mistake, Negan did not make love to any of his wives. He fucked them. Hard. Sometimes a few at a time, sometimes one on one. He controlled his harem to his own liking, using them to fulfill fantasies he had been harboring since he was a young boy. That was the reason for their constant state of undress, the real reason behind why they were quarantined to their own quarters at all times, left to socialize amongst themselves, why they were completely provided for just for their compliance and submission.

Negan was reckless in his methodical pounding. His cock rammed in and out of Sherry at full force. She was still soaking wet, still abhorrently turned on, just on the brink of ultimate pleasure. If Negan would let her come, she would probably lose herself.

Sherry was so caught up in her own thoughts, so shrouded by the swirl of tumultuous emotions dulling her senses that she didn't notice Negan grab the bat off of the blanket again. She only caught on that Slugger was gone when those familiar barbs bit into the back of her neck, drawing blood as they sank painfully into her flesh drawing cries of pain from her. What's worse, the sting of metal penetrating flesh racked her body with pleasure, too. "Lucille, you are a jealous bitch." Negan muttered, seemingly to himself.

He was practically laying across her now, deepening the angle of penetration. "If you wanna fucking come, you better do it now." He groaned, plowing into her. "I'm gonna fucking blow all over you."

She couldn't fake how his words made her insides coil. That erotic threat had her teetering close to the edge of orgasm. She wanted it more than she was willing to acknowledge, but she had to play her part to protect herself and her precarious position here. "Please." She hissed. "I want it so badly."

"Goddamn, right you do." He pressed the bat harder, mimicking that with his pointed thrusts.

She came, hard and fast and without control. Waves of pleasure racked her body, lifting her up off the bed in convulsions that didn't obey her thoughts. As the last shock rolled over her, Negan pulled out, pumping his cock in his fist until he came in hot spurts across her

ass and back. "Goddamn fucking shit!" He grunted as white hot come smattered her body.

Sherry lay there in shock until she was sure he was finished using her. Lucille rolled off of her neck after Negan took a step back. The cuts on her neck still stung and she could feel the blood trickling down around her, tickling the light hairs on the nape of her neck. Her hair would hide those cuts for her, though she was sure Negan wouldn't care.

"Woah-oh-oh. I may have to take another fucking shower after that." Negan joked. "Or, better yet, maybe I won't. I love to go into battle smelling like freshly fucked pussy!" Sherry faked a laugh as she sat upright.

"I hate to hit it and quit it, but I've got places to go and cocksuckers to fucking kill." Negan tossed her an old button-down flannel to cover herself until she could get back to the harem's quarters. Her lingerie could stay on the floor until it could be washed. "It's time for you to head back to your room, but this little visit was most welcome, sweetheart. It's a shame you won't be able to come tonight and see those skull-headed mother fuckers shit their pants."

Just like that, she was dismissed. She would be heading back to her room for the night, not knowing if Dwight was safe. She stood before him, pushing herself up on her toes to kiss him chastely on the lips. "I had a good time." She forced out the lie before the bile could rise in her throat. "I love you."

"Back at you, baby." He smirked.

She pushed past him, heading for the door as briskly as she could without causing concern.

"Oh, and Sherry?" She stopped mid-stride, her hand lingering on the door knob. She didn't even have to turn around. Negan spoke regardless, the conviction in his voice scared her to death. "If you try to come in here and manipulate me again â€" I'll fucking bash his goddamn brains in."

End
file.